



Hunger



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Chapter 1 by Benslacks

I crept silently through the brush. Each wary footfall blending into swish of long grass in the wind. My entire body tenses in anticipation of combat to come, and I immediately push the anxiety and excitement out of my body, filling myself with the calm that precedes battle.

The spear in my hand is heavy, the shaft polished smooth from countless practice thrusts, jabs and parries. At the head of the spear rests a chunk of relentlessly sharp rockglass. My quarry is close, close enough to smell their unwashed bodies, the filth they are attempting to cook.

It is them that I want. The hunger is gnawing through my insides, consuming me. They may outnumber me three to one, but my body is still strong, and they are weak. I know it is time, a thrill of adrenaline courses through me, and I can resist no longer.

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